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## On the Neva.

BY F. H. SWEET.

THE bit of paper crossed the room so swiftly as to escape all but the watchful eyes at the teacher's desk. It had been rolled into a firm little ball, and it dropped upon a spot behind the upturned geography of Stepniak Ostashkin, just as the sender had planned. It is no small thing for a schoolboy to have a true eye and a practiced hand.

Stepniak did not betray by so much as the twitching of a muscle that his mind was elsewhere than upon his lesson. But gradually one eye cocked over the top of the book toward the desk in front. The teacher was looking in another direction. Then Stepniak's disengaged hand slid carelessly to the paper and unfolded it. Spread out, it read:

"Neva after school. Big races to-night. Rush home for skates, then—" The dash was meant to cover all sorts of possibilities, and following it was a crude picture of two boys and a girl. One of the boys was sprawling on his back, with his skates in the air. Under this figure was the name "Stepniak." The other boy and girl were skating gracefully away, and were labeled "Wan Sobisky" and "Sophia Arrankoff." It did not matter that neither of the boys had ever spoken to Sophia Arrankoff. That she was the brightest girl in their school, and one of the best and most graceful skaters who visited the Neva, was enough.

Stepniak took a pencil from his pocket, drew a blank book from his desk, laid down the open geography in plain view of the teacher, with the blank book on it, and then, while pretending to be making copious notes, exchanged the names of the two boys in the picture. And more. Being quite skillful with the pencil, he erased the faces and remodeled them with a few deft strokes that made the boy skater a recognizable picture of himself and the prostrate one of Wan. To the girl he paid more attention, and, when finished, it was a picture of which even she need not have been ashamed.

That done, he again rolled it into a hard ball, and, watching his chance, shied it back to the boy from whom it had come.

Soon after, the geography class was called out, and, though to all appearances Stepniak had been studying intently for some time, his lesson was an utter failure. And Wan's was nearly as bad. When school was dismissed, these two were asked to remain; and then, after the lesson was learned, were told to stay another twenty minutes for throwing paper balls.

But at last they were out and racing home after their skates.

"The old Neva's making up for lost time now," grinned Wan, as they sped on side by side. "Here it is December, a month later than it froze last year, and father crossed it

in a boat only three days ago; but now—whew! isn't it cold, though!" rubbing the end of his nose, which had begun to turn white. "Father said this morning that the ice was nearly three feet thick, and they're already setting big fir trees into it for green avenues, and building ice palaces and fixing hillocks for the sledges to start from, and"—

"And they've run wires for electric lights and will have big bonfires, and the races and prizes are most all arranged," broke in Stepniak, excitedly. "There are some big races coming off this very evening, as you wrote. Oh, we're in for a good time all right. Winter's the season for me!"

"Say," panted Wan, after a few moments of silence, "wasn't it funny about that American boy? He just hooted when we said we

making people wait till it was ready to give them a few more days or weeks, and then about the time the skates got into good running order, spring coming! But here's my house! I'll wait till you get back—only hurry!"

Wan nodded and rushed on with head and shoulders bent forward. Inside of ten minutes he was back, with his skates slung across his shoulders, and the two boys hurried toward the Neva.

When they reached there the sun was already low down, and some of the ice palaces were being illumined. Picturesque figures circled about with the swiftness and grace of swallows, now through the shadows of some unlighted building, and, a moment later, flashing through the light of an illumination. Gay laughter floated to the ears of the boys, and they made haste to find a convenient place to fasten on their skates.

Stepniak had some trouble with a buckle, and before he had adjusted it Wan was skating about, impatient to be off. At that moment a ragged figure slouched past them, and Stepniak recognized in the disconsolate face the son of his father's droshky driver.

"Hello, Olaf," he called; "what's the matter?"

The boy held up one foot significantly.

"No skates? Why, man, a great race comes off to-night! Better go after your skates."

But as he spoke he remembered to have heard that Olaf's father had punished his son for some slight disobedience, and taken away his skates.

"And can't you be in any of the races?" he asked commiseratingly; for Olaf, ragamuffin as he was, had the name of being one of the best boy skaters on the Neva.

"Not this winter," the boy answered grimly. "Father broke my skates and I'm not able to get any more."

For a moment Stepniak hesitated. There were to be "great times" to-night and, although he knew there

was little chance of his gaining a prize, he longed through every nerve of his body to be "in with the fun." But if Olaf had skates?

Without further hesitation he began to unstrap his skates, and presently handed them over to the astonished boy. It was Olaf's turn to look doubtful now. But only for a moment. The sharp clicks of hundreds of skates cutting the ice was too much for him. All the repressed longing of the winter coursed through his blood, and he almost trembled in his excitement to be off.

"But what will you do?" he asked, as he hurried on the skates. "Suppose I take a turn down the river, and then bring them back to you?"

Stepniak shook his head and laughed.

"No, keep them and try for a prize. You can leave them at the house when you are done with them. I'll take your sledge and try the hills."



By George A. Hettrich.

"I—I have no skates," he stammered.

could stand on the bank of the Neva, when it grew suddenly cold, and watch the water freezing; and that when it was very cold a man could row across in a boat, spend an hour in visiting, and then come back on skates. But we proved it to him yesterday all right, didn't we? My! I thought the fellow's eyes would pop from his head as he watched the water freeze, almost as if a magician had waved his wand and said, 'Presto! Change!' And he thought it so funny about building small huts around on the ice, and keeping them heated for the accommodation of spectators. He'll have something to talk about when he goes back home."

"He surely will," laughed Stepniak. "Why, from what he told me, the winters in his country are just make-believes. Think of only a few days or at most a few weeks of skating, and then the ice breaking up and



"It's old and ugly," apologized Olaf, relinquishing the sledge-string to the other, "but it's strong, and can pass a reindeer on the ice."

During the conversation Wan had made several impatient remarks, and now moved swiftly down the river with a mocking farewell over his shoulder. Olaf, with a last grateful glance at his companion, glided swiftly in the opposite direction.

But something worse was in store for Stepniak. As he started off toward the nearest ice hill, he was brought to a sudden stop by a clear, laughing voice at his side.

"Come, Stepniak Ostashkin," it said; "I'll show you the very newest thing in ice figures there is. A real prince taught it to my cousin." And Sophia Arrankoff pressed the heels of her skates a little more firmly into the ice and stopped beside him.

Stepniak colored with pleasure and wonder. Though they knew each other, being in the same school, this was the first time she had ever spoken to him directly. He had often longed to skate with her, she moved so swiftly and gracefully. Then he remembered. He felt he would give everything he possessed if the skates would return to his feet.

"I—I have no skates," he stammered.

"What! no skates here on a night like this! Why, Stepniak!"

"You see, I—I loaned mine to Olaf," explained Stepniak, miserably. "He didn't have any, and—and he's such a good skater, it seemed too bad. If I'd only known!"

"Never mind, Stepniak," interrupted the girl, a yet more friendly note in her voice; "we'll try the figure some other time, maybe to-morrow. I passed Olaf on the ice a few minutes ago, and he looked so happy. But I didn't know that he had your skates. I think you'll have a nice time with the sledge. I hope so. Now good-by."

As she glided away she called back over her shoulder, "Oh, by the way, Stepniak, that was a very good picture of me. Wan gave it me, to tease you, I suppose."

Stepniak gasped, and almost felt that he would sink through the ice. That miserable picture, in her possession! He must certainly get even with Wan for that. What must she think of his assurance in placing himself at her side? It was a wonder that she would look at, and much greater that she would speak to, him after such an affront.

And yet the friendly laugh that she had sent back over her shoulder kept him from feeling utterly cast down.

With the embarrassment still coloring his face, Stepniak joined a party of young sledge users and went with them to the top of the nearest hill. Soon the swift descent and quick flight over the half mile of ice to the foot of the next hill drove the discontent from his mind. He even began to think that sledge flying was almost as exhilarating as skating. Hill after hill was climbed, and the descent made with arrow-like swiftness. It was grand! And he drew a long breath whenever he shot away from the foot of one of the hills. Surely there was no country equal to Russia, with her Neva and her ice hills!

His sledge was large enough for two, and he generally found plenty of young people who were glad to go down with him. People seemed to be everywhere. Now he was with a party of foreigners who spoke pleasantly to him in some strange gibberish that he could only answer with a smile. Now he was climbing a hill in company with a lot of funny, diminutive Samoides. Everybody

was pleasant, and all seemed to be having a good time.

From the tops of the hills the scene was very curious and beautiful. Ladies and gentlemen of all nationalities, in rich colors and costly furs, contrasted oddly with the strange equipages and picturesque groups of Samoides from the far north. Many of the sledges of these people were drawn by reindeer, and the cries of the drivers and the jingle of the bells chimed pleasantly with the strains of music from the bands. Thousands of lights gleamed in every direction. The great ice palace was a blaze of magnificence, and, beyond, the lights of the city threw their reflection against the sky.

After several hours' sport he was resting for a few moments on one of the hills, preparatory to making another descent. By this time the illuminations rendered everything on the Neva almost as distinct as by daylight. Softened by distance, the noises of the river became an indistinguishable volume of pleasant sounds.

Suddenly Stepniak was aware of a commotion below. The skaters seemed to be parting to the right and left in frantic haste. Through the opening thus made, a pair of furious reindeer dashed into view, and the boy understood. He had seen such runaways before, which the swift skaters had usually been able to escape. For a moment Stepniak thought this would be the case now, and he idly watched the figures parting from the course of the furious animals. Then he saw a little girl of nine or ten directly in the path of the runaways. He looked with fascinated eyes. Wouldn't she run? Wouldn't somebody hurry to her rescue? But no! For the moment the people seemed only intent on saving themselves, and the child to be paralyzed by the imminence of her danger.

Then suddenly Stepniak realized that he was the only one who could do anything in time, and even with him the possibility seemed a bare chance. By the time the others recovered from their startled fright and looked back, it would be too late. The child was even now scarcely forty yards from the animals.

Stepniak never thought of his own safety, but almost in the flash of an eye he studied the little girl's chance and how to make the most of it. The hill was steep, and he had used the sledge enough to be the master of it, and he had a quick eye and was cool, the last two of which go a long way in an emergency.

Even as the plan entered his brain he was flashing down the hill, so swift as to be almost indistinguishable. A second he was on the river, guiding his sledge so as to just graze the girl's clothes and not to harm her by the concussion. As he shot by he grasped her dress, and the ice was so smooth that she slid across it without being bruised in the least.

Yet when they picked her up she was unconscious from the fright. Stepniak himself was still as clear-headed as when he left the top of the hill. But when he tried to rise, he found that one of his legs was broken, where it had been struck by the reindeer as he passed almost beneath them.

It was a month before Stepniak could leave his bed, and during that time he had many visitors. Among them was the Committee on Prizes, who brought him the special one for bravery. Then Olaf came with his skates, and showed the prize he had won.

Nor less welcome were two girls, who were frequent visitors,—the little girl he had saved, and her sister, Sophia Arrankoff.

## February.

MANY, many welcomes,  
February, fair maid;  
Ever, as of old time  
Solitary firstling;  
Coming in the cold time,  
Prophet of the gay time,  
Prophet of the May time,  
Prophet of the roses,  
Many, many welcomes,  
February, fair maid!

TENNYSON.

## London's Lincoln Tower.

AMONG the American visitors who throng London each summer there are few who know that in South London there is a memorial to Abraham Lincoln. It is a graceful tower and spire attached to Christ Church, an independent nonconformist church, in Southwark.

Over the entrance are the words, "Lincoln Tower." A large stone tablet inside records, among other things, that the tower "was built in commemoration of the abolition of slavery effected by President Lincoln, and as a token of international brotherhood." One of the two large rooms in the tower is named for Washington.

When first erected, and before the smoke of London had blended all in uniform blackness, there could be seen on the spire of the tower stars and stripes in red and white stone.

The Lincoln Tower was inaugurated July 4, 1876. The newspapers of the time were crowded with accounts of the great centennial celebration, so that it is not strange that the ceremony of opening the tower was overlooked.

The idea of the memorial originated with the Hon. William E. Dodge of New York, who at the time was visiting the Rev. Newman Hall, widely known as "the dissenter's bishop," one of the most popular English preachers of the day. Except for the first thousand dollars, the whole cost of the tower, which amounted to thirty-five thousand dollars, was contributed, half in English sixpences and half in American dimes, entirely through the efforts of Mr. Hall, who counted the work all joy for the love that he bore to Lincoln.

Southwark is a district of modest homes,—its inhabitants are people of small means, if not actually poor,—just the kind of plain people whom Lincoln especially loved and trusted. It would please the great President that his memorial should stand among such surroundings, rather than in a more conspicuous situation or a more fashionable neighborhood.

*Youth's Companion.*

One dared to die; in a swift moment's space  
Fell in war's forefront, laughter on his face.  
Bronze tells his fame in many a market place.

Another dared to live; the long years through  
Felt his slow heart's blood ooze like crimson dew  
For duty's sake, and smiled. And no one knew.

*The Adult Student.*





## Coasting.

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

DOWN the hill, down the hill,  
Merrily we slide,  
Guarding well against a spill,  
As we swiftly glide!  
Snowdrifts sparkle in the sun,  
As we pass them, one by one.  
Isn't this the finest fun  
In the world so wide!

Up the hill, up the hill,  
Cheerily we go,  
Plodding upward with a will—  
That is best, you know.  
Laziness may near us lurk,  
But there's not a boy will shirk!  
Best of fun is one-half work—  
That's what makes us grow!

## Mrs. Porter Comes to Call.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

"WELL, that's safely over with, thank Heaven!" cried Katharine Manning indiscreetly, as she and her sister Jean descended the steps of Mrs. Harmon Porter's stately residence.

"Do wait till you get to the sidewalk at least," warned Jean, reprovingly, "and besides, my dear Miss Innocence, don't you know it's just begun?"

"What in the world do you mean, Jean?" gasped Katharine. "Certainly when I donned my best Sunday-go-to-meeting suit and my sweetest society manners, and laid Aunt Maria's letter of introduction at Mrs. Porter's feet, I thought the deed was done up brown. Didn't I discuss every inch of Aunt Maria's itinerary, and tell just how she looked as she sailed away from the pier? Should I have added tactfully that she probably wept because Mrs. Harmon Porter was not seated on the Statue of Liberty waving her good-by?"

"Kathy, you are too absurd," laughed Jean. "Didn't it occur to you that Mrs. Porter will feel in courtesy bound to return that call; in fact, that she said impressively, as we left, that she should look in upon us very soon in order to report to Aunt Maria about our welfare?"

"Oh, well," said Katharine, comfortably, "that may have been just talk. Ever so many people promise to call on you and then put it off for months and months."

"Mrs. Harmon Porter won't," returned Jean, decidedly. "She's the very punctilious

kind that will return a first call in two weeks, or less. Besides, you know as well as I do how Aunt Maria has scolded poor little mother for letting us do light housekeeping while we take our course at the Athenæum, though she knows we couldn't afford it unless we did. I don't notice that Aunt Maria offered to pay our board bill, but she's asked Mrs. Harmon Porter to keep an eye on us."

"Well, let her if she wants to," returned Katharine, cheerfully. "Only she'll get cross-eyed trying to focus her optics on me. I warn her of that."

"Kathy, I wish you would be serious two minutes at a time," begged Jean. "It's the apartment I'm thinking about. Do you remember what it looked like to-day when we left it—shoes and clothes lying all over the living-room and all the dishes we own sitting in dirty heaps in the kitchenette? How would that sound written to Aunt Maria?"

"Oh, Mrs. Porter won't look in the kitchenette, anyway," declared Katharine, "and we can scramble up the living-room somehow."

"She'll look *everywhere*!" returned Jean. "She said she was 'so interested in all our little arrangements.' She had never heard of light housekeeping in two rooms and a half before, and you mark my words she'll ask to see every 'clever contrivance' as she called the things I told her about."

"Oh, well, then, we'll just keep it in order till she comes," said Katharine, easily. "She won't come this week anyway, and Saturday morning we'll have a regular old-fashioned cleaning. We've never really put

everything in apple-pie order, you know. It was so much work starting in to study again."

Saturday morning dawned "brite and fair but raining bucket-fuls," so nothing stood in the way of a thorough overhauling, and by early afternoon every inch of that "light housekeeping suite" would have stood the inspection of the strictest martinet.

"Let's call in the girls across the hall to admire," cried Katharine, proudly, "and run up and get Mary Dennison and Ruth Standish."

"We too have threatening honored guests," laughed the other girls when they were summoned and had duly admired the Spotless Town effect. "All our relatives seem to have doubts as to our ability to look out for ourselves, and so have set friendly visitors on our trail. But how will we ever equal this?"

"I tell you," cried Ruth Standish, "let's form a Spick and Span Club of us six. 'Have you swept and dusted this morning?' will be the password and the grip will be like grasping a scrubbing-brush."

"All right," agreed Katharine, "only I warn you that that club will be short-lived as far as I am concerned. All will be over as soon as Mrs. Harmon Porter leaves the house. I never can live up to this altitude for more than two weeks, I'm sure. Why, Jean says we can't even leave a book out of place when we go away in the morning, for we have no time at noon with that cooking-course, and Mrs. Porter might be awaiting us on our return."

It is not so easy to keep enthusiasm at boiling-point in the "cold gray dawn" of a Monday morning, but "Remember Mrs. Harmon Porter" dragged the reluctant Katharine out of bed, and by the time the girls left for school the rooms were in flawless order.

"It is rather nice to come back to a place like this instead of to our usual mess, isn't it?" said Katharine as they returned that afternoon, weary from a hard day's work. "Still I wish she'd come right away this minute and get it over with."

"I think we can begin to look for her about Wednesday," replied Jean, judiciously.

But Wednesday passed without any signs of Mrs. Porter and so did Thursday and Friday. On Saturday it rained again, so they decided to risk a club tea, which proved to be a very hilarious occasion, as everybody had been bidden "to meet Mrs. Harmon Porter," and the tragedy of "Hamlet with Hamlet left out" changed promptly to a comedy as the girls appeared, in all their state apparel, and then heard the joke.

In the confusion nobody noticed a polite knock across the hall, and when Sally Thornton returned to her room she found the card of her "honored visitor" tucked over the door-knob.

Sally, however, did not seize her chance to resign, but volunteered to stay in and "lend her moral support," till more members were released.

"It is lots easier when there are six of us," agreed Katharine. "Mrs. Porter will be the next to call of course; but I say, Jean, that we stay with the club till everybody's been called on. The girls really started it to help us, so it will be only fair."

But Mrs. Porter was not "the next to call"; it was, instead, a guest for Ruth Standish. "And she said," announced Ruth, proudly, "that she never had any idea that girls as busy as we are would take time to



keep their rooms so immaculate. She is going to write to mother about it, and I'm perfectly delighted, for mother will be tickled to pieces."

"I hope Mrs. Porter will write like that to Aunt Maria," cried Katharine. "Aunt Maria wouldn't be tickled to pieces—far from it; but it would be good for her soul, and I for one believe in putting the welfare of Aunt Maria's soul ahead of her mere fleeting pleasure."

"I'm sure I don't see why she admires Mrs. Porter so much," grumbled Jean. "I thought Mrs. Porter must be awfully strong for etiquette and good manners, and here it is weeks since we made our call on her and she's not been to return it."

"Oh, well, if you're in a hurry to see her, I can tell you just what to do," laughed Mary Dennison. "Just relax for a little. Leave your bed unmade, and the rooms undusted and not picked up, some morning, and she'll come sure as Fate."

"We will never relax," returned Jean, firmly. "The blood of the Mannings is up, I tell you. If Aunt Maria heard that we looked like that, she would send a cable to mother regardless of expense, and poor little mother would lie right down and die of mortification. No, sir! We'll keep right on."

The next week, another "honored guest" was crossed off the list—Julia Snow's this time; but still no sign of the dilatory Mrs. Porter.

"Something's happened to her, I fear, Jeanie," observed Katharine, one morning, as she carefully scrubbed the top of a shining chafing-dish. "What do you suppose it can be? It's almost Thanksgiving, you know."

"She must be either sick or away," answered Jean. "Otherwise she's quite inexcusable."

"Then can't we let up a little, oh, just a very little?" pleaded Katharine.

"Not a bit. She'd be sure to get well or come back unexpectedly if we did," answered Jean the inexorable.

But three weeks later it was Jean herself who suggested one day: "Of course we can't expect her to come now till after Christmas. We may let up a little, I think."

"We may not," returned Katharine, unexpectedly. "She's almost sure to look on us as a Christmas duty, and come just before we go home. People always crowd in extras when they are rushed to death, anyway."

But evidently that call was not an "extra" nor yet a "Christmas duty" in Mrs. Porter's mind, for the Mannings departed for their vacation without a glimpse of Aunt Maria's deputy.

"Perhaps she's sent us a Christmas present as an apology," suggested Katharine, laughingly, as they ran upstairs on the night of their return. But the little pile of packages and cards on their table did not contain the name of the "Belated Guest," and the landlady scorned to admit that she could have overlooked a single one of their belongings.

"The New Year then holds one pleasure still in store for us," remarked Jean. "Well, anyway, we haven't got to turn over a house-keeping new leaf."

About the middle of March, Mary Dennison appeared one night waving the "social column" of the *Post*.

"Mrs. Harmon Porter has just returned from a six weeks' visit in New York," she read impressively. "It seems a pity that no one noticed when she went away so as

to give you two model housekeepers a little vacation; but then in another way it's lucky that you never allowed yourselves to get out of practice. Now, as the poet beautifully remarks, you can 'take heart with the spring and begin again.'"

"Speaking of poetry," retorted Katharine:

"Open my heart and you had orter  
Find graven upon it Mrs. Porter."

That woman has dragged me from my couch every morning this entire winter, but now I've gotten so used to it that I don't mind, really."

Ten days later Jean came in with an enigmatic expression upon her face.

"Guess whom I saw on the street to-day?" she inquired.

"The President of the United States, I should judge by your manner," answered Katharine, "or, no,—oh, my prophetic soul—Mrs. Harmon Porter!"

Jean nodded.

"What did she say? Did she apologize?" queried Katharine, excitedly.

"Apologize!" sniffed Jean, "Apologize! My dear, she tilted her nose so high in the air that she could hardly see across it and bowed by dropping her eyelids by the one-thousandth part of an inch."

"There is some mystery about it," cried Katharine. "Jean, oh, can it be? Wait!"

She grabbed a shoe-horn from the dressing-table and, dropping on her knees before the door, she pried up the edge of the carpet.

"Yes, it is. Oh, look!" and she pulled out a crumpled piece of pasteboard and waved it triumphantly in the air. "Mrs. Harmon Porter's card! Why didn't we think of it before? I just noticed how close the carpet came to the door and I suddenly guessed that some time or other Norah shoved her card under so hard that it went clear out of sight."

"Kathy! You clever thing!" cried Jean. "But what heathens she must think us! We must go and apologize to-morrow, and find out when she came."

It was a decidedly icy Mrs. Porter who received her guests the next afternoon, but she thawed gradually under their eager apologies and finally confessed that it might have been partly her fault as she had thoughtlessly called in the morning, forgetting that they would be in classes at that time.

"But I came the very next week after you called," she explained, "for your Aunt Maria seemed so anxious about you; and I thought I might possibly be of some little service to her nieces this winter. And now, unfortunately, it is too late, for I am starting this week for an extended trip in the West."

"Why, she's really very nice, isn't she?" whispered Katharine as they descended Mrs. Harmon Porter's steps for the second time. "I'm really sorry that we didn't have a chance to see more of her."

"Will you give in now about her being punctilious?" demanded Jean.

Katharine laughed. "I will, Jeanie," she replied. "And, moreover, when Aunt Maria asks if Mrs. Harmon Porter wasn't of 'any little service to us,' I shall nobly reply that she was of the greatest use to us and our friends, too; she kept all our rooms in apple-pie order for us all winter long. Imagine Aunt Maria's face!"

Learn something beautiful, see something beautiful, do something beautiful each day of your life.

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER.

## Tad Lincoln's Dad and Mine.

BY VLYN JOHNSON.

THEIR pictures hang there side by side,  
Tad Lincoln's dad and mine.  
I like to stand and look at them,  
They are so good and fine.

Tad's father died to free the slaves,  
My greatgrandad was one,  
And father lost his life last year  
To save his master's son.

I like to think that where they are,  
Together they might be—  
My Daddy seems as white as Tad's,  
I'm sure he's just as free!

I've hung their pictures side by side—  
Two heroes, that I know—  
And skins, I guess, don't matter much  
When hearts are white as snow.

## A Lincoln Sentiment.

LINCOLN was no stickler for formalities, either in dress or in manners. But he knew the etiquette of correspondence, and, as in this story from the *Washington Star*, knew how to teach it to others.

At a lodge in Philadelphia a group of very old men, some with empty sleeves and some with empty trouser legs, were telling stories about Lincoln.

"My wife collected autographs," said one. "She once wrote to Lincoln for a sentiment and his autograph, and she got in reply a note that ran:

"Dear Madam. When you ask from a stranger that which is of interest only to yourself, always enclose a stamp. There's your sentiment, and here's your autograph. A. Lincoln."

*Youth's Companion.*

## Fun.

Silly little Hortense owns up that she really believed that "Wottog OO Siam" was the college yell of a Siamese university until she tried to say it fast.

*Springfield Union.*

"Mother," she began, "what does transatlantic mean?" "Across the ocean," replied her mother. "Then, does 'trans' always mean across?" "Yes, it does, always," and the mother added sternly, "If you ask me another question to-night I shall send you to bed!" The silence lasted quite three seconds. It was broken at last by a plaintive, small voice which commented, "Then I suppose transparent means a cross parent!"

*Christian Guardian.*

"Daisy," remarked the teacher, "don't love your cat too much. What would you do if it died—you wouldn't see it again?"

"Oh, yes; I should see it in heaven."

"No, dear, you're mistaken; animals cannot go to heaven like people."

Daisy's eyes filled with tears, but suddenly she exclaimed, triumphantly:

"Animals do go to heaven, for the Bible says the Promised Land is flowing with milk and honey, and, if there are no animals, where do they get the milk?"

*Tit-Bits.*



## For the Quiet Hour.

Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord;  
who keepeth truth forever; who executeth  
judgment for the oppressed; who giveth food  
to the hungry.

*Bible.*

Sprung from the West,  
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,  
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.  
Up from log cabin to the Capitol,  
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—  
To send the keen axe to the root of wrong,  
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.  
And evermore he burned to do his deed  
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king:  
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,  
Pouring his splendid strength through every  
blow,  
The conscience of him testing every stroke,  
To make his deed the measure of a man.

EDWIN MARKHAM,  
in "Lincoln, the Man of the People."

### Prayer.

**O** GOD, our Heavenly Father, we thank  
Thee for our country. We have re-  
ceived much at her hand. We have been  
kept safe from harm. The bread we eat, the  
clothes we wear, the schools we go to, the  
hills and woods and rivers, the manifold life  
of the great city—all these things our country  
has provided for us. . . .

We pray for all who administer the affairs of  
our government. Give them wisdom and self-  
control that they may carry out Thy purposes  
for our country. We pray for all its people,  
that they may have work to do and bread to  
eat and homes to love. Keep all Thy children  
in safety and peace and cheerful industry, both  
in this land and in all lands. And at last may  
Thy Kingdom come in all the earth. Amen.

—From *Manual for Training in Worship*.

By HUGH HARTSHORNE.

### Soldiers of the Light.

**G**OD end War! But when brute War is  
ended,

Yet there shall be many a noble soldier,  
Many a noble battle worth the winning,  
Many a hopeless battle worth the losing.

Life is battle,  
Life is battle, even to the sunset.

Soldiers of the Light shall strive forever,  
In the wards of pain, the ways of labor,  
In the stony deserts of the city,  
In the hives where greed has housed the  
helpless;

Patient, valiant,  
Fighting with the powers of death and  
darkness.

Make us mingle in that heavenly warfare;  
Call us through the throats of all brave bugles  
Blown on fields foregone by lips forgotten;  
Nerve us with the courage of lost comrades,  
Gird us, lead us,

Thou, O Prince of Peace and God of Battles!  
HELEN GRAY CONE.

Two men were comparing notes on "the  
noble art of self-defense," as it is sometimes  
called. "My system is Sandow's. What  
is yours?" "Mine is Solomon's." "Solomon's?  
What is that? I never heard of it."  
"A soft answer turneth away wrath."



INDUSTRY—PAUL VERONESE.

(This painting is on the walls of the ducal palace in Venice.)

### The Story of Arachne.

BY RUBY HOLMES MARTYN.

**T**HE story of Arachne is one of the  
old Greek myths, and was meant to  
tell why the spiders had such wonder-  
ful skill in spinning and weaving their webs.  
For those old-time Greeks told stories of the  
origin of many wonderful things which they  
could not understand, and there is a wise  
lesson for us at the heart of every one of their  
beautiful tales.

In those times all the spinning and weav-  
ing was done in the homes, and this work,  
together with the making of clothes and  
embroidery, formed a very important part  
of the work of the women of a household.  
Every woman knew how to spin and weave,  
and ladies of the highest rank in the land  
took a great deal of pride in making fine, even  
threads, and in coloring them, and weaving  
beautiful patterns on their hand looms.

Arachne was a maiden who did these house-  
hold tasks very beautifully, and the pictures  
she made with her colored threads were so  
wonderfully lifelike that even the nymphs  
would come to watch her at her work. But  
she was constantly receiving so much praise  
for the patterns she made that she grew  
very vain about them, and when some one  
thought to compliment her work by saying  
that Minerva must have been her teacher  
Arachne was so indignant that she declared  
she would not be afraid to challenge the  
goddess herself to a trial of skill.

Now the Greeks thought the goddess  
Minerva was matchless in wisdom and in  
skill, and when the goddess heard of Arachne's  
boast about her cleverness at weaving she  
determined to punish the maiden's vain pride.  
But she would first give Arachne the chance  
to take back her proud words. So Minerva  
came to the maiden in the form of an old  
woman, and, telling her kindly of the sin of  
which she had been guilty, advised her to  
beg the forgiveness of the angry Minerva.

But Arachne only scoffed at the old  
woman's words and repeated her vain chal-  
lenge to the trial of skill. Then Minerva  
dropped her disguise and they knew who the  
old woman had been. The women with

Arachne were very much frightened, but  
even then the foolish maiden was so conceited  
that she would not beg forgiveness or with-  
draw her challenge to the test of skill be-  
tween them.

Then the goddess began her task, and as  
she wove the colored threads of the wool  
that she had dyed in brazen vessels, they  
were blended into a wonderful set of pictures  
telling the story of the contest between the  
ocean god, Neptune, and herself, making  
their gifts to mankind. And even in the  
stories represented by her picture-making,  
Minerva again warned Arachne not to rush  
upon her fate by persisting in the trial.

But the foolish Arachne would not take  
warning from anything Minerva did, and  
began her weaving. The stories she chose  
to picture with her colored threads were  
stories that made matters worse than they  
were before by adding the insult of what  
they meant to the injury of her wicked,  
boasting words. However, the beauty of her  
finished work was so perfect that the sea  
she pictured looked almost like real water,  
and the bull seemed a living animal, and  
Minerva herself could find no fault with the  
maiden's skill.

So angry was Minerva at the insulting  
pictures Arachne had woven that she tore  
the web right across and struck Arachne on  
the forehead with the box-wood shuttle she  
had used for weaving. Arachne was so high  
spirited that she felt she could not bear such a  
disgrace as being struck, and she hanged  
herself with a piece of the yarn she had spun.

But Minerva would not let her die like  
that, and she held her in the air and cried:  
"Live on, wicked one, but still hang!"

The story ends by saying that Minerva  
sprinkled Arachne with the juice of aconite,  
and condemned her and her descendants al-  
ways to spin and weave and hang from their  
threads in the form of spiders; the fineness  
of their work surpasses everything made by  
human spinning, and the webs they weave are  
of wonderfully perfect pattern.

And this story of the maiden Arachne is a  
lesson of those wise old Greeks to beware  
of the folly of vain pride and unhappy  
boasting.



## Travels of Tommy.

THE BATTLE OF THE QUEEN BEES.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

(Trip Number Three.)

**T**OMMY went back to the deserted hive. By the help of his imagination and his teacher's lessons, he entered its dark, sweet-smelling streets! They seemed rather deserted after the "swarm," but they were not quiet. Far from it!

"What's all that noise?" Tommy asked of a worried-looking worker.

"The princesses are waking from their sleep," she said, "and there will be a big fight!"

Tommy looked into the royal sleeping chambers. There she was, working hard to get out of them one of those princesses!

"Oh," cried Tommy, stopping in front of another. "See! she's asleep!"

"She'll wake in a minute," answered the working bee; "she's a few minutes younger than the others. Our princesses must be fed well," she said, and Tommy saw her point into a room in which there was some fine flour of beautiful colors. "That," she explained, "is what we put in all the royal cells, or sleeping rooms, as soon as the princesses are put in them. They have better food that they may grow stronger than the others. Queens have to work so hard, you know."

"Oh," said Tommy, "somehow, I thought queens didn't do anything."

"They do more than any one else," was the reply, "they lay thousands of eggs a day."

"Oh," said Tommy, surprised, "that is being busy."

He saw several guards come up now and scrape away the wax of the room into which he had been looking. He could now see the princess bee, pale, very pale, for she seemed to have eaten all her beautiful flour. Her eyes were large and black.

Faster and faster the guard bees scraped.

"Has she a name?" asked Tommy.

"Her name is Apita," answered the guard, wiping her face with her long antennæ. "Ah, look there!"

For Apita had seen a tiny crack in her walls, and had begun to work inside on her own account!

"Apita will fight. She looks strong," said one guard, and then as he spoke Apita burst out, with a rather angry noise.

Just then, Tommy, turning, saw another princess bee breaking out of her cell at the same moment that Apita did.

"Oh," he turned back to Apita, in whom he felt most interest, "how angry they all look!"

So did Apita, but she seemed weak, too. She fell right into the arms—I mean, of course, "antennæ"—of the guards.

"Here, Queen Apita," said one of them, "here is some delicious jelly which will make you feel much stronger. Eat it."

What the guard offered Apita looked like a delicious white milk, very thick. Apita drank it eagerly, and then she was neither pale nor trembling.

Meantime, the guards were watching the other cells, where the sleeping princesses lay. Apita dashed past them—the guards—and broke down the walls. She went in each cell, and killed each sleeping princess!

"Oh," cried Tommy, "why does she do that?"

"She must be the only queen," explained the guard who had fed the new queen; "two queens make war, and if there is war, we cannot work!"

But, as Tommy had seen, one of the cells had been broken open, and the princess had come out. When Apita came to this one, the princess, pale and trembling, though not at all afraid, faced her angrily.

But the new princess's guards defended her until she had eaten the royal milk or jelly, and then she, too, was strong!

"Why does she hold herself out in the middle, as if she wanted Apita to strike that part with her sting?" asked Tommy.

"You see," explained the guard, "if Apita's sting once enters that belt, which is very strong, it will stick there, and Apita will die without it. See, she is trying to make the new one hit her belt."

But both princesses seemed too wise to do this! It was the most exciting fight Tommy had ever seen. Apita stepped on one side, holding herself so that she could only be hit in the belt. But she was not silent. She mocked the poor new princess until the latter lost her temper, and then, dashing in, she pierced her above the belt, and the poor princess fell dead!

At once, the guards led Apita—now the only queen, for all the others were dead—to a couch, and gave her more jelly.

"You have to fly high up in the sky for your wedding, Queen Apita," they said, "and when that is over, the work begins."

"Why, mother," said Tommy when he was at home, "it was more exciting—that battle of the queen bees—than moving pictures!"

## Have You a Cage Ready?

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

**L**ONG ago in the wonder age of the world a certain marvelous bird belonging to the king escaped from the royal palace, and flew about at times over a little village on the mountain side. The king had offered a great reward if any one would catch the bird and return it to him.

One of the village boys approached his companion in great excitement one morning.

"If I'd had a cage ready I'd have caught that bird last night," he said. "It lighted on the ridge of our house. And it was looking about. If there'd been a cage with some food ready it would have gone in, and I'd have had a hundred crowns from the king."

"Why didn't you catch it in your hands?"

"I couldn't get near enough. It is used to living in a cage, and I suppose that is the only thing that will hold it."

"Why don't you build a cage now, so that you can catch it if it comes back again?"

"Oh, it's no use now. It will never come back to our house again. Lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place."

That, by the way, is a false old proverb, for lightning of various kinds is likely to strike twice in the same place.

But one boy of the crowd went home and began to build a cage. How the others laughed at him, as he wound his strong willow withes. To think that any one would get a cage ready for a bird that might not come!

The boy laughed good-naturedly with the others. "It doesn't matter," he said. "If the bird should not come to me I can sell the cage for a silver piece. And I am learning skill in making it."

The cage was finished and set out on the

roof of the house. Now and then some one in the village saw the bird. Some of the others were frank enough to say that they wished they had built cages, for if one had been ready they might now have the bird.

But one day the marvelous bird did light on the builder's roof. It looked in the familiar-looking cage, saw the food to which it had grown accustomed, went in, and ate while the boy let down the door by a pulley and cord.

The bird was captured. He took it to the king, and received his reward.

Have you built a cage, young people? There is still a bird or rather a whole brood of birds of marvelous qualities flying about. To catch one and keep it means a great reward. The name of the family of birds is Opportunity. The name of the cage is Preparation.

They used to laugh at Abraham Lincoln because he so earnestly prepared for the sort of life that seemed quite out of reach of a poor backwoods youth. Lincoln said that he knew big opportunities might not come to him, but if one ever did come it should not escape him. He would be able to keep it fast. You see he had built his cage well. His whole life was a continued preparation for something higher.

Some people think the breed of birds called Opportunity is extinct. They have no cages ready, and they do not see that Opportunity lights on their houses now and then, looking about in vain for a place to stay. Or perhaps they have seen Opportunity alight and go away again, and they persuade themselves that Opportunity does not come twice. That is a mistake. The Opportunity breed has increased marvelously. And they are reasonably persistent creatures. They do come more than once. If one got away from you to-day, do not hesitate to begin to build your cage. Another will come, and you may have it if you are ready for it.

There is another truth we ought to know. I suppose, since the world began, not one of these cages ever remained empty. You are certain to catch something. The very building of the cage insures an occupant. The Preparation begins early in life, with faithful work as a student, faithful performance of the daily tasks, the building of health and elements of strength into the character with the gaining of fine ideals, and the desire to serve others, and then lastly with training in the special life work for which one seems fitted.

You will catch the sort of Opportunity you have prepared for. Livingstone's ideal was to serve, and Opportunities fairly flocked to him. Another man's ideal is great wealth, and he too cages his Opportunities, though those who know what a complete life is, think that but a sorry cage of birds. Another would be a great doctor, an artist, a musician. Opportunities of the kind for which you built your cage are sure to come.

Build well, then, for the opportunity that is most worth while.

Live for something, have a purpose,

And that purpose keep in view;

Drifting like a helpless vessel

Thou canst ne'er to life be true;

Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,

If some star had been their guide,

Might have long been riding safely,—

But they drifted with the tide.

ROBERT BROWNING.



## PAGE FOR LITTLE READERS



## Tom, the Crow.

RUBY HOLMES MARTYN.

JUST the day before, Margery had carried a red geranium plant to Bertha Nelson. Bertha had something the matter with her hip which kept her in the house during the winter season, and Margery had taken care of the geranium a whole month, so she could carry it to Bertha when the blossom grew to be full and bright. Margery always had one plant growing in the window, and now that the geranium had gone she had a pan of bulbs that were just showing their green tips out of the brown earth. By and by she would have some yellow daffodils from those bulbs.

It had snowed the night before, and a soft white cushion lay on the sill outside the window. Margery could see where Tom, the crow, had stood when he came to watch her tend her plant. He came every morning and watched her do that.

A neighbor's big boy had brought Tom, the crow, to Margery after a hard storm the summer before. The crow's nest had been torn from its place way up in the pine tree, and the three little crows had been helpless on the ground when the neighbor's big boy found them, and gave one to Margery to care for until it should be large and strong enough to care for itself.

Now that he was a grown-up crow, Tom lived out of doors, but he remembered how Margery had cared for him, and came to the window every morning. He had hopped around the sill in delight when the red geranium began to blossom, for he was always attracted by bright colors, and in the winter time there are not so many red things out of doors.

Margery wondered if Tom missed the bright blossom, for he had not stayed at the window. Tom went every morning to Bertha's window, too, and knocked on the pane with his bill. Some one would open the window and the crow would come in to eat corn from Bertha's hand.

But Margery was surprised when she saw Tom come flying back with a red geranium blossom in his bill, and he very carefully stuck it up in the cushion of snow on the window sill.

"You naughty crow," she said severely, lifting the window to take the flower in out of the cold. "You must have picked that from Bertha's plant."

But Tom just put his head on one

side, as much as to declare that he was a wise bird to find that geranium and bring it back to this window.

"I shall put that flower right in a vase, and take it over to Bertha again! But there are lots of its buds not open yet, and it would have lasted so much longer left on the plant," said Margery.

But the only notice Tom took was to yell "Caw-caw!" as he flew away.

It was not long before Margery came to Bertha's sunny room with the red blossom in a vase.

"See what Tom brought back to me," she said.

Bertha laughed.

"It's lovely of you to let me have it again. When mother opened the window for Tom to come in and get his morning corn he didn't take the least notice of the food, but broke that geranium right off the plant and flew away with it in his bill. I felt badly at first, but when I looked at the plant I found a tiny bud starting, so there will be a nice blossom soon."

"And it will be a nicer blossom because this one is picked," said Margery.

They heard a sharp tap on the window, and looked up to see Tom standing there, his head on one side, and his bright eyes looking straight at his little friends.

"Margery'll throw out some corn, Tom; you can't come in again this morning!" laughed Bertha. "We're going to try and teach you better manners!"

## The Beggar-man.

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

HE only looked like a Beggar-man,  
As ragged, just, as any.  
But he might have been an Angel, too.  
So I gave him my penny.

I waited, till I thought I saw  
Him shining through. And when he  
Held out his hand, I watched for what  
Would happen to my penny.

He might have been an Angel, too!  
But I know he wasn't any.  
For he frowned at me, like that, you see,  
When it wasn't but One penny.

And now that's gone; and I don't care.  
I'd rather not have any,  
Than keep it, if an Angel came  
And asked me for my penny.

From "The Book of the Little Past."  
Houghton Mifflin Company. Per-  
mission of the author.





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

CASCADE, MONT.

Dear Miss Buck,—I should like to belong to the Beacon Club.

I have been working some puzzles from *The Beacon*, which I enjoy very much.

I enjoy going to Sunday school very much. My teacher's name is Mrs. Cranston, my pastor's Rev. J. A. Alford.

We walk one and three-quarters miles to school. I am in the eighth grade and am twelve years old.

From your new friend,

DOROTHY TOOTELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,  
3415 22d Street.

My dear Miss Buck,—Our wonderful Exposition closed yesterday and so I have made up my mind to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am an active member of the First Unitarian Sunday School, which is in a very picturesque old building.

You perhaps wonder at my use of the word active, but I will tell you the reason. A little over a year ago Mr. Taylor, our Superintendent, told us a plan by which he hoped to increase the attendance. He told us that the Sunday school would be divided into two parts called ships. A captain and a purser would be elected for each; then we had a large map of the world put up, our journey mapped out, and two cardboard ships fixed so that they could be clamped on. Each passenger that is on time counts twenty miles and each passenger that is tardy counts ten miles. New passengers count one hundred miles to the ship whose efforts have brought them in. The ships are named the "Cleveland" and "Cincinnati." At first a law was made to have boy captains and girl pursers. However, at the last election a girl was chosen captain of the "Cleveland," while a boy was chosen purser of the "Cincinnati." I am the captain of the "Cleveland."

Although I am not yet in high school I have been put in the class with the high school children. Mrs. Dutton, the wife of our minister, is my teacher.

Like Tennyson's brook I go on forever when I get started, and as I know you have not much space, I will close.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

ESTHER D. CAUKIN.

GARDNER, MASS.,  
446 Chestnut Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I remember your visit to our Sunday school last winter and hope you will come again.

All the Sunday schools in our town are going to have a Union song service the Sunday before Christmas.

I would like to belong to the Beacon Club and would like a button.

Your friend,

AILEEN ATWOOD.

ROSLINDALE, MASS.,  
75 Montclair Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I enjoy reading *The Beacon* and often work out the enigmas on the last page. I am sending an enigma about one of the interesting places near here which I hope you will be able to print. I go to the First Parish Sunday School in West Roxbury and belong to the Lend-a-Hand Club there. We are going to fill some Christmas stockings for poor children. These are new stockings, one is rolled up and put inside the other and then filled up with toys and goodies. I am eleven years old.

Yours truly,

MARION GLEASON.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.  
Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Holland Unitarian Sunday school every Sunday. It is the only Holland Unitarian Sunday school in the United States. I enjoy hearing my mother read the stories out of *The Beacon* paper and I would like to join the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

GERALDINE TWIST.  
(6 years old.)

SHELburne FALLS, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—This is the first letter I think you have had from Shelburne Falls and I hope to see it printed in *The Beacon*.

I want to belong to the Beacon Club.

I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I received a large Bible one year for not missing a Sunday during the year.

Sincerely,

URSULA PURINTON.  
(Age 14.)

Other new members of our Club are Velma Lewis, Eastport, Me.; Edith Drake and Justine Repp, Newburgh, N.Y.; Beatrice Simpson, Yonkers, N.Y.; Donald C. Blair, Russell Spink, and Louis D. Richardson, Providence, R.I. In Massachusetts, Helen Foster and Eleanor Hyde, Arlington; Gertrude Pickard and Eleanor L. Warren, Chelmsford; Muriel A. Gilliland, Dorchester; Rosamond Simmons, Fairhaven; Helen Hume, Littleton; Lucile Barrett, Nantucket; Marion Gray, Evelyn and Katherine Mattman, Doris B. and Mary McCord, Pepperell; Beatrice Schadee and Genevieve Hubbard, Springfield.

## Sunday School News.

OUR Sunday school in Baltimore reports an increase of 19 new scholars since the opening of the year.

Report comes from Orlando, Fla., of an interesting Christmas party for the children of the Sunday school. "It is difficult," says the account, "to find a suitable Christmas service for a Sunday school in which only one child has ever seen snow." The difficulty seems to have been happily overcome. Christmas carols were sung and folk-dances were given by the children. The decorations were masses of autumn leaves and flowers, and a log fire brightened up the room and made the tinsel ornaments on the Christmas tree sparkle. A large company of children and their parents enjoyed the evening.

From Seattle, Wash., comes the news that in the University Unitarian Church in which a Sunday school was started a short time ago with 14 members, the number has now increased to 50.

At the Children's Church, Barnard Memorial, Boston, three classes from the Sunday school presented the story of Ruth in five tableaux. The parts were taken by children of the school dressed in Oriental costumes. Following each tableau, the young people's choir sang appropriate selections from Gaul's Cantata of Ruth. The presentation was both pleasing and instructive, and it has been decided to present another story in the same manner in April.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA XLI.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 6, 28, 17, 24, 30, is a turning machine.

My 10, 18, 1, 27, is a factory.

My 1, 16, 23, 14, 12, is an extinct language.

My 29, 2, 19, 27, 11, 17, 9, is to disturb.

My 22, 28, 2, 17, 24, is what we should have.

My 3, 14, 4, 30, is what we should be.

My 31, 11, 1, 10, 5, 20, is a fish.

My 15, 21, 25, was a poet.

My 26, 13, 24, 21, 5, 27, is a place of learning.

My 27, 16, 7, 13, 30, is a weapon.

My 8, 13, 16, 1, 25, is to climb.

My whole was a turning-point in our history.

CHARLES N. YOUNG.

### ENIGMA XLII.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 5, 6, 7, 30, is something we wear.

My 2, 17, 36, is a boy's nickname.

My 27, 25, 26, 27, is to look through a small opening.

My 41, 11, 20, 6, 16, 15, is a family relation.

My 39, 42, 28, 38, is a plant.

My 24, 23, 21, 1, 9, is something boys prize.

My 29, 33, 21, 43, is something we all have.

My 12, 20, 22, 34, 44, is a tale.

My 13, 14, 18, 3, 8, is uprightness.

My 28, 10, 40, 17, 32, is vapor.

My 35, 31, 19, 21, 10, 42, 37, is not a patriot.

My 4, 26, is a personal pronoun.

My whole is a part of a poem by Frederick L. Hosmer.

H. P. Y.

### HIDDEN COUNTRIES.

1. When glands become swollen trouble ensues.
2. Hurry, Wilbur, Ma has called you twice.
3. Mahala skated on the pond.
4. In some countries tenants hire land from nobles.
5. Is the hay tied securely to the cart?
6. The great and lesser viaducts of Rome were works of art.
7. Do not eat the core and skin.
8. In an Indian crowd, before the Taj, a panic ensued.
9. He will either sleep or tug all day up hill with a load.
10. The Latin for "book" is "liber," I am told.

E. A. C.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 17.

ENIGMA XXXVII.—Pulpit Rock.

ENIGMA XXXVIII.—Let your light shine.

WORD SQUARE.— F R E E  
R O A D  
E A S E  
E D E N

A DIAMOND.—

V  
C O B  
C A L L A  
V O L C A N O  
B L A S T  
A N T  
O

CHARADE.—Syntax.

BEHEADINGS.—Snail, nail, ail, il, l.

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